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An Indian Christmas

By W. Edgar Gregory

We knew we had adventure ahead of us when we accepted our call to the Fort Berthold Indian Mission, relieving the regular superintendent while he had his first year's furlough in his seventeen years of duty, but we didn't know what work was in store. Now, the day after Christmas, we are all dog-tired, though there is still a great deal of cleaning up to do after all the Christmas celebrations.

The Indians have been very coöperative and helpful to the stranger in their midst. The Mission staff has been understanding and friendly. All this is a living tribute to the superintendent and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. Harold W. Case. It was a long time after the Cases arrived before they were really made welcome by most of the Indians. I only had to say that I was taking Mr. Case's place for a year or mention the words "Ho Waste"—Sioux for "Good Voice"—to gain acceptance for myself.

The second night on the Reservation Jeff Smith, the Indian chairman of the Reservation churches came in and spent about four hours with us, telling us of the Indian ways—and stories of his own experiences when a student at Carlyle Institute in Pennsylvania. He had evidently had a riotous time of it stringing gullible Easterners along about the life of the Indians. He was helping, he said, with a demonstration in a large New York store when one lady asked him if his tribe still scalped people. So he told her a story of his father having some ten scalps hanging in his lodge, and his grandfather having just untold numbers. He had a grand time watching her eyes pop as he told her such stories.

But the Indians themselves have occasion to stare at times. One day about a week ago I went to the Post Office for our

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OUR COVER

suggests an inter-racial number. Mr. Peter Shih of China fraternizes with Miss Peggy Chase of America. See our issues of December 1938 (p. 547) and June 1939 (p. 235) for accounts of Mr. Shih.

mail and found that I had enough boxes to load the car up. They were stacked up all over the place. One little Indian boy of about seven or eight stood watching me as box after box was handed through the window and added to the growing stack. As each box came through, his eyes grew a little larger. He was a ragged, dirty little urchin who already has a reputation around the agency for mischief, but there was no thought of mischief this evening. Instead he was unusually polite and helpful. As I approached the door he hastened to hold it open for me and even followed me outside to put the boxes in the car. With the next trip he came all the way and finally timidly asked, "Did you send for all them boxes, Mr. Gregory?"

"No, they came from friends of the Mission—friends of the Indians."

"Are they all for Christmas?" There was awe in the voice of the little fellow who had probably never known any other Christmas than that of the Mission.

"Most of them," I smiled.

"Gee," he breathed and was left speechless as I carried out more boxes.

This little fellow, known as "Cabbage Head" among his playmates, comes from a poverty-stricken two room log cabin on the outskirts of Elbowoods. The most that can be said for these mud-plastered log cabins is that they are warm. Often they have no floor and their roofs are nothing but twigs laid across cottonwood rafters and covered with grass and sod. Often the mud plaster dries and falls from the walls right down upon the beds and tables. Most of these log cabins have four or five beds in the two rooms. Cook stove, table, and bed (Kitchen, Dining Room, and Bed Room) are all often separated by but a foot or two of space. Very few of the homes have chairs. Most of the people sit around on benches or even empty wooden boxes. The older people still feel most at ease sitting cross-legged upon the floor. Some of these older people are terribly uncomfortable when they have to sit upon a chair.

"Cabbage Head," has just grown. For the most part his parents have paid little attention to him other than to see that he had something to eat at mealtime —though sometimes they have undoubtedly failed in this. "Cabbage Head," does not know his own name. The nickname is sufficient for him. One day he brought a little friend to school and took him up to his teacher.

"This is Potato," he told her proudly.

"But what's his real name?" the teacher asked.

"Potato," he insisted. "Potato" was sufficient for him and he couldn't understand why the teacher should ask for more.

Due to the kindness of the

friends of the Mission there were enough gifts to go around among all our people on the Reservation. Christmas Sunday, besides the regular morning worship service and a Candle Light Service in the evening, we had two funerals and consequently I was unable to get to either of the church services held that afternoon at Shell Creek and Neuta. Christmas Day three of the churches held their services and gave out their gifts and I was scheduled to speak at all of them. Fortunately Mr. Case arrived Christmas Eve and volunteered to take over one of the services, which still left a pretty full day for me, ending with a visit to the hospital as Santa Claus in the evening. The doctor said he didn't think there was anyone so seriously ill he would be hurt by a visit from Santa Claus.

The Elbowoods Church possesses a rather worn Santa Claus suit which can be made to fit a big man. Santa Claus this year was a fellow weighing well over 200 pounds and standing something over six feet. When he arrived with his bag over his shoulder and a tinkling bell in his hand the eyes of the children fairly snapped with interest. One little five-year old, however, couldn't understand why Santa Claus had to wear a mask. After the gifts were distributed there was candy and apples for all—Christmas at the Mission would not be Christmas without apples. Finally everyone went to the Mission House dining room where there was an abundant community dinner.

So went our first Christmas upon the Reservation. Even yet I have not sufficiently caught my breath to get a real view of the celebration. But the above random thoughts may give the reader a sketchy view of what goes on. The only real way of communicating an Indian Christmas to you would be to have you here with us.

LARGE PICTURES AVAILABLE

Ten striking enlargements forty inches by twenty presenting a panorama of the work of the Board of Home Missions were used in the exhibit at the annual meeting in Waterbury and are now available to the churches. These pictures typify the following departments of work: summer conferences, vacation schools, Negro education, Puerto Rican church work, ministerial pensions, Ellis Island, the rural South, church building, Indian churches. They may be borrowed for use at association meetings or for exhibit in local churches by writing to the Missions Council, 287 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Thousands of Negro cabins such as this have never seen a doctor or nurse

The Negro's Health Problem

By Fred L. Brownlee

MEDICAL education for Negroes is confined chiefly to two schools—the Medical School of Howard University in Washington and Meharry Medical School affiliated with Fisk University in Nashville. Graduates, however, are seriously handicapped in opportunities for interneships, hospital residencies, and the wide range of beginning experiences open to young white physicians.

There are comparatively few hospitals devoted entirely to the care of Negroes. In general, a few segregated rooms in a white hospital are assigned to them and often the care and attention received suffers from the usual attitudes common to segregation.

In 1935 there were approximately 4,000 Negro physicians in the United States. Most of them have been compelled to locate in cities in order to make anything approaching a decent living and in northern rather than southern cities for the same reason. New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Ohio have 2,000,000 Negroes with 900 Negro physicians; Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, and North Carolina with 4,000,000 Negroes have only 450. In spite of such overwhelming needs barely 100 Negro doctors are graduated annually from medical schools.

There are not over twenty hospitals in the United States devoted exclusively to Negroes, the most important of which are Provident in Chicago, Mercy in Philadelphia, Harlem in New York, Lincoln in Durham, North Carolina, and Flint-Goodridge (Dillard University) in New Orleans. As has already been said, usually a Negro, if there is any chance at all, must accept hospitalization in the meager segregated quarters of a white hospital. Fortunately, white physicians are generally disposed to treat Negro patients, often with genuine consideration and reasonable charges.

Flint-Goodridge Hospital of Dillard University, in which we have a large investment and for which we are partly responsible, has distinguished itself not only in the quality of its regular hospital service, but also as an educational center for the Negro doctors of Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. Each summer it conducts a short-term school for practicing Negro physicians. Moreover, a notable public health service is maintained at Flint-Goodridge, covering maternity cases and the care of children, syphilis, and tuberculosis.

We have also the Dickey

Flint-Goodridge has some good nurses

Infirmary at Tougaloo College and the Goodnow Infirmary at Talladega College. The college infirmary beds unfortunately are few and open only to our college families, except in extreme cases. Talladega College has a full-time resident physician and nurse; Tougaloo has a full-time nurse and the part-time service of a Jackson physician.

In the field of public health we are doing far too little. The nurse at Tougaloo College is gradually building up a community clinic service. It is hoped that Talladega will do the same. Flint-Goodridge Hospital has three follow-up nurses for its maternity, syphilis, tubercular cases, and coöperates with the public health department.

In a modest way Lincoln Normal School at Marion, Alabama, is doing its part. In the county where Tougaloo College is located there is a population of 38,000, of whom 30,000 are Negroes, and in

Perry County where Lincoln Normal School stands there is a population of 27,000, of whom 20,000 are Negroes. Yet in both of these counties the only public nursing service for Negroes comes through the part-time work of our school nurses.

We should have a registered nurse, trained for teaching and public health service, at each of our schools. We have eight institutions which still await such service, but no money is available. This is most unfortunate when one considers how basic is health education in school curricula, and how tragic are elemental health needs in communities such as we have mentioned. Here, indeed, is a close-up missionary frontier.

The minimum cost for a nurse, including salary, auto expense and clinical incidentals is $1,300 a year.

Christian Life Festivals on Hawaii

By Norman C. Schenk
(General Secretary Hawaiian Board of Missions)

BEAUTIFUL Hawaii has found a way of her own to intensify her Christian work. She holds Christian Life Festivals.

The plan originated in the fertile brain of a Christian statesman, Markham Talmage of Hilo, and was ably seconded by his fellow-workers.

Moving against the cloudy background of Our Time, in which the world carries a heavy burden of war, fear, compromises, selfishness, and confused, conflicting purposes, is a group of hopeful people with great expectations: the Christian community, with a definite view of life and its values, purposes and goals. It is a company of transformed, triumphant people who walk by faith and not by sight—following a leader who has made life glow. They feel that they have an answer to the world's problems. To find and give this answer makes a Christian festival—a happy, free and harmonious gathering of men and women, enjoying and sharing their way of Faith and Hope and Love.

Our Congregational Family on this Island of Hawaii—which is about the size of Connecticut—is composed of eighty-five churches, missions and coöperative groups. To reach them all one must travel by car over about 275 miles of road around the Island.

The plan of the Festival was this:

During October the churches studied "What Christians Believe Today." They found that our churches were more effective in action than in belief. Attention was focussed, one week on "God"; next, on "Salvation"; then, "Jesus"; then, "The Christian Church."

A series of cards, in English, Japanese, and Hawaiian, were widely circulated on each of these subjects. Statements prepared by Rev. L. G. Davis, field worker on Hawaii for the Hawaiian Board of Missions, were printed on the back of each card, giving its use; a series of questions for use in studying the statement was also printed. A total of eleven subjects is now available in this series of cards.

In November a series of meetings, inter-racial in character and well attended, continued through the twelve district centers of the Island to Kealakekua (Kay-ah-la-kay-ku-a) where the festivals ended on November 19 at 7.30 p. m. The sermon was by the writer, on "The Christian Life."

The next stage in the Festival idea will consist of a spiritual in-gathering culminating at Easter time.

The whole story of the Christian Life Festival will include chapters about as follows:—

Christianity deals with powerful forces. These Festivals widened the areas of service and made men conscious of a power outside themselves.

The present-day emphasis upon the church as a community is essential to the interpretation of Christ and His Way of Life to a present-day world.

Christianity leads people across and above race lines. There are churches in Hawaii from each of the five major racial groups: Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, and Caucasian. They have seldom met in united services. This time they even planned and carried out these Festivals. It was Hawaii's demonstration of ecumenicity.

NOTICE

The stereopticon lecture "In the Southern Highlands" has been largely re-written and brought down to date with the addition of seven new slides. This is the most popular of the lectures provided by the Board of Home Missions. It may be borrowed from the offices of the Missions Council at 14 Beacon St., Boston, 287 Fourth Ave., New York, or 19 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, without charge except for transportation.

At the Cross

SENSITIVE SOULS MEET THE UPSURGING MASSES

By Dwight J. Bradley

THE most important thing that is happening in the world today is the rise of the anonymous horde of mankind all over the world towards a life of recognized individual manhood. The basic issue is not the war. It is not the struggle between dictatorships and the democracies. It is not communism nor the threat of communism. It is the demand of the peoples of the earth for a place in the sun and for a leadership that will take them there.

The people of the world are today like the trees in the parable in Judges. They invited the fig tree to be their king. He refused. They invited the olive. He refused. They invited the vine, but he also refused. So then they invited the bramble, and he did not refuse. Demagogues are always ready.

The success of Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler, or in America of Huey Long and Father Coughlin, is not hard to explain. These men have at least pretended to identify themselves with the masses. The Bolsheviks are anti-aristocratic. So are the Nazis. The Fascists are perhaps less so, but even they pooh-poohed the old aristocratic pretensions and began by playing up the new type of corporate mass civilization and talking about the "dynamism of peoples." Huey Long

Dwellers in ivory towers must look "beyond the tracks"

promised to make "every man a king." If he had not been assassinated he might have fooled the whole nation. Father Coughlin cries havoc on the "haves" in the name of "social justice." Everyone of these upthrusting demagogues started in obscurity, an unknown tree in the vast human forest. Each of them came from the people. And each of them has offered to lead the people out of slavery to a promised land. From now on the people will certainly refuse to follow any leaders except those they consider to be their own.

A rising tide never heeds the reproaches of those who stand along the shore. The rise of the masses is a tidal wave. It can be diverted into destructive channels or permitted to pour itself out in frightful anarchy. But it may also be harnessed and directed into streams of great creative social action. It can not be prevented or stopped.

On the other hand, there are appearing in larger numbers than ever before souls that are more exquisitely sensitive, more highly cultivated, more searchingly aware of hidden spiritual values and more esthetically responsive to the stimulations of beauty than the ordinary person ever has been or perhaps can be.

They are by nature and temperament exceedingly idealistic and in most instances pacifistic. They are profoundly critical of the world they live in, yet they do not wish to help destroy it or even to see it destroyed. Left to themselves they would probably repudiate the world, abandon it, and live their own lives in isolation from its smugness and brutality. Instinctively, these sensitized spirits seek an "ivory tower" in which to dwell apart.

Their abhorrence of man's barbarous wickedness is so intense, they cringe so fastidiously from the coarse humors of mankind, and they reject so sternly the

bland self-righteousness of those who call themselves and their cronies good, that to remain in company with the world under any circumstance is to them a punishment almost too heavy to be borne. Fairly typical is Pierre Van Paassen, whose book, "Days of Our Years," has become veritably a bible for thousands of sensitive individuals especially amongst the world's youth.

This type seems to be increasing at the very time when the vast movement of the anonymous masses is becoming irresistible and overwhelming. Here might be found counsellors and leaders of the mass movement, provided they were willing to identify themselves with the masses and accept opportunities to lead. To do so it would be necessary for the spiritually elect to sacrifice their squeamishness, fastidiousness and pride. This is hard to do.

A third factor is *the cross of Jesus Christ.* It represents the immeasurable force of supremely great and sacrificial love: the force of universal compassion as it works redemptively in and upon civilization.

It is imperative that as many as possible of the highly sensitized artistic and idealistic spirits of our time be brought into fellowship with the cross of Christ. And since the church is the historic bearer of that cross, these rare individuals must be persuaded to come into fellowship with the church. An astonishing number of them are doing so almost without persuasion at this very time.

But this raises a problem. It cannot be assumed that the people who belong to the church today will accept these exquisitely developed spiritual idealists with any kind of friendship or hospitality. Modern evangelism must try to bring church members themselves to the cross of Christ, so that they may become qualified representatives of the true church and themselves cross-bearers.

There are in the church today many thousands who love the cross and all that it stands for. Upon these rests the responsibility for seeking out the purest and most beautifully developed young men and women, idealists and artists in spirit and pattern of living,—and for drawing them away from mere isolation and away from the ivory tower of contempt and criticism, into intimate fellowship with the historic cross of Christ.

They will identify themselves with the surging masses of mankind.

They will become part of a vast human tide.

They will let themselves be absorbed and lost and buried like leaven amongst the people.

They will eagerly yet humbly take their allotted place in the irresistible movement of the peoples of the earth out into the light and liberty of a new day.

Armenian refugee camp

Again Armenians Face Exile

"IT'S the THIRD time!" said an Armenian refugee in a hopeless tone to Miss Elizabeth S. Webb of the American Board of Foreign Missions in Beirut, Syria. The third time, she meant, that Armenians have been forced to leave their homes in the Near East and find new places in which to put down their roots.

Thousands of Armenians have just come into Syria from the Region of Alexandretta where there has been missionary work for over 80 years, and where there were twelve active Protestant churches. This area has now been ceded to Turkey by France which has held a mandate over it since the World War. As the boundary line was finally drawn five of these twelve Protestant churches remain on the Syrian side of the border. In the territory given over to Turkey there were some 13,000 Armenians, about ten per cent of whom were in the Protestant churches.

Turkey did not insist upon any withdrawal of these Armenians. Some even report that they were urged to stay but the French seem to have encouraged the shift and even aided the refugees by supplying trucks for transportation on given days. The Turkish authorities carefully protected the Armenians from any injustice, allowing them to take practically all movable belongings as well as money.

"Many people came out at great personal loss," writes Miss Webb, "leaving their wheat standing in the fields, ready to be cut and grapes in the vineyards almost ripe." A very small group availed themselves of the six months' period allowed them to remain Syrian subjects

and clear up personal business matters before migrating.

Had the Armenians remained and accepted Turkish rule there would have been no repetition of the massacres of the past. Rather is Turkey following a policy of absorbing minorities by scattering them in small groups among her own people. Under such conditions it would be difficult for the Armenians to retain their language and Christian institutions. Rather than run this risk they have chosen to leave their homes while a friendly door was open to them.

At present most of these refugees are in Aleppo, Beirut and Bassit. The last group came from tragic Mousa-Dagh. Some of these refugees are living with relatives, themselves none too well off; others exist under pine branch shelters, endurable in summer but impossible in times of rain and winter weather. The French authorities, coöperating with the Armenian National Union, have helped as best they can by supplying tents and some funds toward small permanent buildings.

With a European war in progress, France and Syria will face added problems. Already Beirut and Aleppo are overcrowded with people unable to find work. These newcomers simply add to the burden. In their new abode the religious and educational needs, as well as the economic problem of the Armenian people, must be met.

The largest single group, reports Rev. Henry H. Riggs, is in Ainjar, where the two churches of Bitias and Yoghounoluk are being united under the pastor from Mousa-Dagh. Plans have been made for a church building which may also serve as a school. The workers are anxious to secure sufficient funds to make this a permanent building and not a makeshift shelter.

"We who are interested in the Armenians feel it is time for strengthening the Protestant community," reports Miss Webb. "They are fighting for their existence as a Christian people. As the Pilgrim fathers abandoned their homes to seek religious liberty in America, so are the Armenians embarking upon a similar quest today."

Dinner time for refugee children

In the Footsteps of T. R.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

If the boys of America could choose where they would live, several thousand would pick Medora, North Dakota—if they knew what was there! It has everything the juvenile heart could ask. The chief adornment of Main Street is the Rough Riders' Hotel, whose ancient stairs and hallways suggest the past, and whose proprietor doubles as cook. Given the inspiration of an audience he will tell endless tales of the days when the West was really wild.

Whenever given a chance, Medora announces itself as the "last cow town in the West." Cowboys actually do gallop out of the pages of the story books, although they are more likely to appear at the wheel of a car than on top of a horse. But there really are some cowboys in these parts.

Medora has a cliff for a backdrop behind the town with a forlorn though lofty smokestack in its front yard. The story about the latter is that in 1882 the twenty-five year old Marquis DeMores came from France with

Theodore Roosevelt frequently stopped at Medora's Rough Riders' Hotel

Starting a fire in the "bad lands"

his young bride to seek his fortune on the great plains. He could not see why livestock should be shipped all the way to Chicago to be turned into beef or pork, and so he built a packing plant and started the town of Medora as a place for the people to live. To show his affection he named the town after his wife and gave it a Catholic church. But people liked the Chicago beef better than the Medora variety; the Marquis did not get rich, and all that is left of his dream is a very lonely smokestack, the little church and his chateau, which has 28 rooms. As for the Marquis, he went back to France and died fighting in Africa.

Then came Medora's most distinguished friend. Theodore Roosevelt dropped off the train one cold September night in 1883. In those days he was a none too vigorous young man, little known outside the city of New York. He came to Medora sick and tired. He took the first steps toward the "strenuous life" by going on a buffalo hunt the next day. Two years of North Dakota's sunshine and wind and he was ready to start on his way to fame and the White House.

Next came Tom Mix of movie fame. He began his career as a cowboy on the nearby Short Ranch and was married in Medora. Between Medora and Hollywood some of his way stations were fighting in the Philippines and with the Boxers and the Boers, serving as sheriff, marshal and enforcement officer in Kansas and Oklahoma, ranching and circus riding.

There's plenty to climb around Medora

Considering all these attractions, the strange thing about Medora is how few boys manage to live there! With a total population of 150, it has taken much work to find enough boys for a scout troop. But the Medora boys have a good time—thanks to their scoutmaster, Walter A. Smith, who is also a home missionary.

The only trouble with Mr. Smith is that he lives 25 miles away in a very dry town which

some humorist named "Beach." He has three churches to look after. As the one in Medora has no building, it meets in the schoolhouse. Some day its 36 members hope to erect the "Roosevelt Memorial Chapel." They have some money but are waiting to make certain that the town isn't going to move somewhere else. Just now its chief means of support is the tourist traffic.

From the point of view of a boy scout Medora just couldn't be improved. Just east of town are the "bad lands." They need to be seen to be appreciated. The looks of things would suggest that a geological humorist had been at work. The land runs down into all sorts of holes and up into strange pinnacles with a variety of rocks scattered around rather carelessly. You can climb in whichever direction you choose. This lends itself to scout games of all sorts.

Then there are ranches to visit. There is one dude outfit which caters to rich easterners while the rest are of the real variety. The boys are welcome anywhere.

Last summer Mr. Smith took the boys on a real trip. They went forty miles north of Medora to Teddy's old Elkhorn Ranch. For six days the troop lived in a log building, cooked their own meals, made much headway taking scout tests, and had a glorious time.

It's too bad more boys can't move to Medora!

"Uprooted Americans"

DROUTH and dust storms in the West, the tottering of King Cotton from his throne in the South, the mechanization of agriculture in all parts of the country have divorced thousands of rural people from their usual means of livelihood. Many have become migrant workers flitting from crop to crop with their families in aged jalopies.

You have read about these people in "Grapes of Wrath" and "Factories in the Field." They are the home mission study topic for 1940–41. They constitute one of the most perplexing problems confronting both the church and the nation.

"Uprooted Americans" is a new stereopticon lecture prepared by the Board of Home Missions which both reveals the problem and shows some of the ways in which it is being met. After February 1 this lecture can be borrowed from the Missions Council at 14 Beacon St., Boston, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York or 19 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, by paying the transportation charges.

Miss Esther L. Hibbard in Japanese costume

Today's Opportunities in Japan

By Esther L. Hibbard

CHRISTIANITY in Japan is facing trials similar to those to which the early church was subjected by the Roman Empire. There is the same conflict between the deep and ancient loyalty to nation, and a newer but no less deep, loyalty to Christ. As in the Roman Empire, so in Japan, the proportion of baptized Christians to the total population is negligible. And yet, just as the gospel spread throughout the Roman Empire in the face of persecution, temptation, and weakness, so it is spreading silently, invisibly, subtly, in Japan.

Although Christian schools have felt the influence of nationalism in the increasing emphasis upon patriotic exercises, such as visits to shrines and seeing soldiers off or welcoming them back, so far there has been little change in curriculum. I have been allowed to teach my English Literature course as I have always given it, and English literature is full of the spirit of Christianity, which often asserts itself in the most unexpected and amazing ways.

This is illustrated by my experience with a problem student. She had a brilliant mind and succeeded easily in subjects that interested her, such as philosophy. She had been received into the church in her first year and

should have been a leader and power for good among the other girls. But later a change came over her. She became sullen and contemptuous. Sometimes she refused to respond in class although she was perfectly able to answer. She absented herself for weeks on end. Nothing her Japanese teachers said produced the slightest effect; she merely maintained a stony silence or stared at them with eyes filled with hatred. Occasionally an expression of suffering on her face made me feel that she was groping for something high and fine, and that her failure to find it had made her bitter and rebellious.

Finally it became doubtful whether she could be allowed to remain in school because of her influence in the dormitory. But a miracle happened. When I suggested that my class write term papers on some English author who interested them, she astonished me by producing a remarkable analysis of Carlyle's doctrines. In the conclusion she dedicated herself to Carlyle's gospel of work. She had become convinced that only by doing the task that lay nearest her, no matter how trivial or inconsequential it might seem, could she bring about the new order of which she dreamed. From that time her attitude became more coöperative. When she graduated there was hope that she

Election Day of the Student Association at the Doshisha University

Alumni reunion, Doshisha University

might go out into society as a positive force for good instead of the menace she might otherwise have been.

Japanese Christians' sense of social responsibility is being expressed in the rapid growth of various forms of social service in the face of the restrictions the government has placed upon soliciting funds for charitable organizations. The Biwajima Settlement House which was dedicated this year in the great manufacturing center of Nagoya, is serving its neighborhood through its kindergarten and its Mothers' Club. The Yodogawa Settlement House in Osaka had a unique opportunity to express Christian sympathy for those in sorrow when it was asked to lend its playground, the only available open space in that crowded section of the city, for the funerals of some soldiers whose ashes had been sent back to their families in the neighborhood.

Japanese Christians made a name for themselves in relief work after the terrible flood in the Kansai district in July, 1938. The churches opened several crêches for lost or orphaned children and staffed them with volunteers.

Since 1944 will be the seventieth anniversary of the founding of the Kumiai Church in Japan, a five-year program of spiritual regeneration has been inaugurated, to put membership in a church on the basis of activity, to deepen the devotional life of the Christian family, and to spread the gospel by the efforts of laymen as well as the clergy.

The passing of the Religious Organizations Bill by the Diet has given a great impetus to Christian work because Christianity will now be regarded as a naturalized religion on a par with Buddhism and Shintoism. For the first time since the introduction of Christianity into Japan, the churches will have the legal right to hold property. Yet there is danger that the bill may give the government power to exercise closer supervision over church activities or even to proscribe those churches which do not conform to its requirements.

A Buddhist nun whom I met one autumn day asked if she

might share a meal in a foreign home in order to learn its etiquette. Surprised, but eager for the contact, I arranged for her to come when she might see the school Christmas pageant. When the nun expressed interest in the music, Miss Clapp gave her a Japanese hymn book, which she accepted with gratitude and examined carefully. Before the meal we gave thanks together in what we discovered were identical thoughts in spite of the different languages in which they were expressed. When we were in turn invited to her convent we shared not only the great beauty and peace of the surroundings but also our common grief over the conflict in China and our hope for a speedy cessation of hostilities.

So it may be seen that the Christian message has lost none of its power. And yet doubt has been expressed by some as to the necessity for keeping missionaries on the field at the present time. Personally, I believe that so long as our presence is tolerated by the Japanese, it is our duty to remain, both as encouragement to our Christian brothers and as living witnesses of the principles of Christ. If we still have faith in those principles, why should we cease to demonstrate them because so far they have failed to reach everyone in the nation? Rather should we redouble our efforts to increase the number and strength of the Japanese Christians in order that, if worse comes to worst, they may be able to stand without us.

In the period of reconstruction which may follow the war with China, there will be a greater need for Christian service than ever before. If the necessary readjustments are made in accordance with Christian principles, they may prove the salvation of the country. Moreover, the missionaries can show by their willingness to share suffering and hardship that they are sincere and sympathetic. What better healing is there for the wounds of warfare than the gospel? So in building for the future, let us join with the Christian and Christian-minded Japanese in "making the stone which the builders rejected, the head of the corner." Then indeed will the leaven have done its work in Japan.

RACE RELATIONS SUNDAY

is February 11. Appropriate services of worship may be secured from the Department of Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches at 297 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

After the Mine Closed

By Edwin E. White
Pastor at Pleasant Hill, Tennessee

"Two years ago we were the Pokies and now maybe we're beginning to be the Perkies," remarked an enthusiastic citizen at the Community Fair. He was referring to a special exhibit that attracted all eyes among the array of farm and garden stuff, canned goods, and the rest that filled the old Company store building, now the Community Hall. In miniature models the Pokies, father, mother, and little girl, sickly and unhappy, were shown seated at their table, while the pantry behind held a slim supply of vegetables and fruits (in actual mason jars about three inches high), plenty of pickles, salt pork, and lard, and a row of medicine bottles. Near by were the Perkies, alert and happy, their pantry shelves crammed with long and beautiful rows of canned tomatoes, beans, carrots, and other vegetables and fruits, and containing no medicine bottles.

The Fair surely reflected the Perky spirit. One exhibit after another demonstrated a vigorous enthusiasm for growing and putting up good food for the family. Good work stock, cattle, hogs, and chickens appeared ready to do their part in making a new rural life. Attractive homemade clothing, bedclothes, furniture, and other craft articles showed real skill in supplying many needs, while fancywork and a display of plants and flowers spoke of a deep desire for beauty. But the best part of the Fair was the people. Their faces were radiant with the joy of this community achievement.

Three short years ago this was merely another abandoned mining community in the depths of poverty and despair. Ravenscroft had been the last large mine to continue operations in what had once been an important coal region. It closed down permanently in the spring of 1936, leaving destitute not only the company town, but many families throughout a wide area, for from miles around men had been coming in improvised buses to work at Ravenscroft.

The staff of Uplands Sanatorium at Pleasant Hill, seven miles away, answered more and more calls for help as the health situation became worse. Workers at Uplands and Pleasant Hill Community Church decided to launch a welfare program centering in a community house. The company made available a big dwelling overlooking the old mine. In the spring of 1937 three volunteer workers were found who could stay for the summer.

Highland crafts at the Community Fair

A weekly clinic, a strenuous public health program, a community garden, the distribution of many hundreds of cans and jars for canning, the inauguration of hot school lunches, clubs, classes, a library, recreation, and other helpful community activities were accomplishments of that first summer. By the help of friends it was possible to keep the Community House going when summer ended.

That fall, officials of the Farm Security Administration became interested in Ravenscroft. It was decided to put in a farm supervisor and a home supervisor and leave them pretty free to see what they could do to help the people.

With small grants for seed, fertilizer, and other necessities (averaging $19.51 per family) and with constant friendly supervision, they soon showed that many of these ex-miners and their families could and would grow their own living and greatly improve their home conditions. There was an amazing increase in food grown and stored. Cooperation was established in purchasing and in several urgently needed community undertakings. A Farm and Home Club began to meet to face problems and possibilities together. Then some loans were arranged for the purchase of cows (lack of milk was a most serious problem).

This year the work has been even more impressive. The young college girls who came through early last spring on a sociological tour and later reported that Ravenscroft was merely heaps of ashes on which nothing could grow, would have been surprised if they could have looked in during the summer. What were once bare back yards had become bountiful fields. The little red company houses sat in the midst

Roadside handicrafts

of an almost continuous expanse of growing things. Practically every family had a big garden and truck patch; several families were tending ten or twelve acres of excellent crops.

The families still live in the old company houses. These are dilapidated after several years with no company keeping them in shape. But great improvements have been made. Men have mended roofs and porches as best they could. Good fences of palings have been put around many yards; walks have been built and shrubs set out. Almost every house in the community now has a sanitary toilet. A good many houses have been screened. Many rooms have been brightened with a home-made paint made from the abundant white clay of the neighborhood (local people discovered the paint and Farm Security Administration supervisors improved it with linseed oil and furniture glue; the cost is a few cents). Furniture has been repaired and a good many serviceable pieces have been made in the shop.

Through most of this development we were "squatters." The land belonged to the mining company; it owned about 55,000 acres. The company was eager to sell and realize some sorely needed cash on its property. In that case the people would be moved off and the houses demolished. Where would they go? And what would they do?

Now it seems likely that the tract of land will be bought by the State Rehabilitation Corporation, a child of the Farm Security Administration. All the officials most concerned are anxious that the land may be handled in such a way that the program may go on as at present

Games at the Community Fair

—helping the families along gradually from where they are, developing their ability to provide for themselves, furnishing counsel and guidance, with small advances where necessary (kept within the clear ability of the people to repay), and finally the setting up of families on modest farms as they become ready for that.

All this time the work of the Community House and the whole community program have gone on encouragingly. The head worker now is Mrs. Olive Myers, who grew up in Cumberland County, attended Pleasant Hill Academy, and taught school in Cumberland and Putnam Counties for a number of years. She knows and loves the people and is loved by them. Her work keeps the days and weeks crowded. The Homemakers Club is perhaps the most significant item in it. Fifty or more mothers and homemakers belong. They study almost everything that goes into the making of better homes and a better community and work on community projects. There are clubs and activities for most of the age-groups, from the Busy Bees on up. The library is a blessing and is continually in use. The Community House, with its cheerful living room, its games and other interests, is a favorite gathering place, and its influence goes out far and wide. During the summer a group of five young women, sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee held a vacation Bible school, conducted clubs, taught swimming, carried out social and recreational activities, organized wholesale immunization against communicable diseases, and finally made a health survey not only of Ravenscroft but of the whole region.

Foreign Flashes

"Meet You at Kudan"

On Kudan Hill, Tokio, Japan, is the famous Yasukuni shrine. Here are enshrined the spirits of Japanese soldiers who have died on the battle fields of China. The Japan NEWS-WEEK reports on October 21 the paying of silent tribute to 10,379 officers and men who have lost their lives during the past year. The names of the soldiers, written on little wooden tablets, are placed in a small unpainted structure with a thatched roof. With all lanterns and other lights extinguished, in the midst of a death-like silence, a procession of 100 or more representatives of the army, navy and government moved slowly with the tabernacle along a route which wound its way through some 20,000 members of bereaved families, squatting on mats, motionless in their anxiety to see or hear the passing of the tabernacle. After the spirits have been placed in the innermost sanctuary, bonfires and other lights complete elaborate ceremonies. The following morning the Emperor sends a representative to read before the altar a statement of welcome to the new spirits and on the third day the Empress and Emperor proceed in person to the shrine to pay homage to the spirits. The enshrinement of a spirit is the highest mark of honor the Emperor can bestow upon his subjects. Hence the oft heard farewell phrase on the lips of Japanese soldiers, "Meet you at Kudan."

What's in a Name? A Lot

A young man, above average in both spirit and ability, was being prepared for ordination at the Bi-ennial Conference of the Marshall Island Churches in the South Seas. He was such fine material that Rev. and Mrs. Clarence F. McCall of the Kusaie Training School were much startled when they found that he bore the remarkable but very inappropriate name of "Empty." Rev. Carl R. Heine of Jaluit and Mr. McCall decided that they must find a new name before the ordination service for it would never do to call him the "Rev. Mr. Empty." So they canvassed the list of American Board secretaries, past and present, for a good name that had in it neither an "f" or an "S" and decided upon the grand name of Barton. The young man was very much pleased at the change which was formally announced and soon the ordination service of the "Rev. Mr. Barton" took place. With a name of such significance in the Christian world this young man should go far.

No Rice Christians

One family circle in China was made complete within the church recently by the baptism of a feeble grandmother of 91 years. Last autumn the Paotingfu Association in North China, resumed the baptism of new members, following a period of a year in which they had suspended this Christian rite for fear that some might come into the church for protection or for political advantage. Applicants for church membership are still examined carefully to prevent entrance from false motives. At the end of 1938 the total membership in the Paotingfu field was 4,444. More recent reports point to an even better record for 1939.

Hungry and Ye Fed Me

There will be little hunger in Galangue, West Africa, this year, so prophesies Samuel B. Coles, agriculturist, and he ought to know. In spite of little rain the people can thank Mr. Coles for food. Seeing the possibility of drought, Mr. Coles induced the Chefe to issue an order that every man in the villages must plant a garden in the dry river bed. Two extension workers were appointed in each village to see that this was done. "I wish you could see the fields of some of the people," writes Mr. Coles. "The Chief of one village told me that he was sending to other places asking some of his people to come to his village because he knew there would be no hunger in it."

Progress

After an 800 kilometer drive over new roads in a car with a badly wounded exhaust line, Rev. Walter C. Tong of Davao and Dean James F. McKinley of Silliman University, Dumaguete, "limped" into Butuan where the Eastern Conference of Mindanao was meeting. The new road had not been quite completed and for 100 kilometers it was hard going. Both pastors and laymen attending the conference reported progress. Mr. Tong and Mr. McKinley saw many new church buildings en route. The Filipino Christians seem to be developing a consciousness of worship and suitable places of worship. "One can still see many barn-like sheds for churches but there are also many signs of churchly architecture," comments Mr. Tong.

"The Biggest Thing on Earth"

By Thomas Alfred Tripp
Director Town and Country Department

GRAND Coulee Dam is the Federal Government's greatest power and land reclamation project. On the Columbia River one hundred miles west of Spokane, Washington, is being built the largest single structure in the world, four times the bulk of the Great Pyramid! It is the largest power project possible in North America and equal to the capacity of Niagara Falls. The top of the dam is almost a mile long. The whole project will cost nearly two hundred million dollars. It is designated by its promoters, "The Biggest Thing on Earth."

We are coöperating in the development of a community church, one of some 60 such interdenominational experiments at similar "projects" throughout the Nation.

Once before there was a dam here, of ice and 4,000 feet high! A prehistoric glacier diverted the flow of the river which cut a new channel a thousand feet deep, several miles wide and fifty miles long until it opened out upon a great flat area. When the ice-cap receded the Columbia River returned to its original course leaving the coulee, a dry chasm in the high plateau of hard lava rock on the left bank, to capture the admiration of tourists and the imagination of engineers of modern times. Now, Uncle Sam is getting ready to divert water through the Grand Coulee again to irrigate the 1,200,000 acres of rich, flat land, beginning fifty miles away at the other end of the prehistoric gulch.

Though the dam will be 553 feet high, it will be necessary to install a pumping system to lift the water another 280 feet to reach the coulee level. The dam could have been high enough to throw the water into the coulee by gravity but for the fact that the impounded water would have backed up into British Columbia.

The vision of irrigated land for about 30,000 families is inviting. Since all the reclamation projects in the Far West will care for only half the number of people driven out of the "dust bowl" and cotton system in recent years, the demand for the new farms is great. The "over-populated" Great Plains will be relieved and thousands of migrant families will find homes without increasing the Nation's agricultural surplusses since cotton, wheat and tobacco will not be grown.

Yet irrigation is only a by-product of Grand Coulee Dam. Electric power is the main purpose. The Columbia River has great power possibilities as its raging waters tumble toward the

U. S. Reclamation Service Photo

Work goes on 24 hours a day at Grand Coulee

Pacific Ocean. For many centuries, untold quantities of potential power have gone to waste in this great stream. Now the people of the Northwest will benefit through the capture of God-given energy.

Engineers are performing miracles to complete the dam. They froze a mountain by artificial refrigeration to prevent a landslide. They use 60 carloads of dry cement per day. Fifty-barrel batches of concrete are poured every five minutes during each twenty-four hour work-day, or one cubic yard every five and one-half seconds. This is enough to build 3,000 solid cement five-room houses.

Grand Coulee is an engineering triumph, but the community situation is far from satisfactory for most of the 6,000 people who live here. These are the workers and their families, plus those who serve them and a few who exploit them. High-minded merchants, professional men and craftsmen serve them. High-handed land speculators, vice operatives and saloon-keepers exploit them. The high hopes, low morals of the frontier are here.

The Government provides ideal housing for its engineers. The

U. S. Reclamation Service Photo

Man is remaking nature at Grand Coulee

private contractors care for their skilled employees and a few others in a comparatively fine way. But most of the lower-paid workers live in shacks, trailers and crowded apartments.

The people at Grand Coulee are not worse than elsewhere. They are doing remarkably well under the circumstances. Diverse and shifting elements produce confusion. To one familiar with the mushroom towns of the oil fields Grand Coulee offers no surprises. A few unruly and greedy people can harm a new

and rapidly growing community.

There are eight towns. Outside of the sedate engineers' town, Coulee Dam, and the relatively orderly contractor's residential area, Mason City, there are six others—Grand Coulee, Grand Coulee Center, Grand Coulee Heights, Delano, Electric City and Osborn. The last six lie on the left bank of the river above the dam and sprawl all over the hillsides. Each competes with the other for business and people. Land prices and rents are based on the expectation of the development of a great permanent city while it is likely that a town of only two or three thousand will be left when construction is completed.

Can any order be brought out of this chaos? Here is where the community church comes in. It is almost the only constructive force in the situation. Three "holy roller" churches have tried to make a start but one has already closed and recent interviews with the leaders of the other two revealed the fact that they, too, were about to quit. All that will be left of their efforts will be the big sign high on the hillside which says, "Jesus Died for You."

The community church is in Grand Coulee Center at about the point where the future town for maintenance workers will probably be established. It has a good church and parsonage built mostly with the donated labor of the pastor and congregation. The workers themselves run the church with enthusiasm and efficiency. They are proud of their Sunday School and of the home-

Boom town near Grand Coulee Dam

made altar and chancel in the sanctuary. They are building a basement and planning a parish house for the expanding educational and recreational activities.

Through the Home Missions Council, the home missions boards of the Protestant churches usually pay most of the expenses of the parishes at the projects during construction, expecting the local congregations to assume the load by the time construction is completed. Already the Grand Coulee Church is caring for all miscellaneous current expense and contributing to the costs of the buildings.

Opportunities in Africa

THE American Board desires to make the following appointments as soon as suitable candidates are found:

East Africa

(1) Mt. Silinda Institute in Southern Rhodesia seeks a principal. He should be a capable school administrator. The Institute trains primitive African boys and girls. In addition to the basic curricula for grades four to nine, training in domestic science, agricultural and industrial work and in teaching is provided.

(2) A physician and his wife are needed for a well-equipped small hospital in Mt. Silinda, Southern Rhodesia. Supervision of large clinics in schools and kraals is involved. A nurses' training school is conducted under supervision of two American nurses. Class A medical school graduate with interneship experience is required.

West Africa

(3) An ordained man and his wife are needed for work among the Ovimbundu people in Angola, Portuguese West Africa. His work would be in association with native pastors as counsellor and advisor, village touring, training of native evangelists, preparation of inquirers for church membership, etc. His wife would also have ample scope for any special talents. Some experience in rural life and work is an almost essential qualification.

(4) Two teachers are urgently needed, one for the Means School for Girls at Dondi, the other for the station school at Bailundo, Angola, Portuguese West Africa. Beside routine duties in the classroom, there are almost unlimited opportunities for extra-curricular and extension work. Candidates (women) should have had training in religious education.

(5) A physician and his wife are wanted to carry on the medical work at Chilesso, Angola, as Dr. Mary Cushman reaches the normal age of retirement in 1940. The small hospital and clinic serve a wide and populous area. The physician must train his own aides and nurses. He must be a general practitioner, a graduate of a Class A medical school with at least one year of rotating interneship.

(6) A physician and his wife are needed at Dondi, Angola, to replace personnel compelled to retire for family reasons. This post involves not only surgery and supervision of medical work and aide and nurses' training but also administration of large school clinics. A well-trained man is needed, graduate of a Class A medical school with at least one year of rotating interneship.

(7) A nurse (Negro) for a new modern hospital and nurses' training school at Galangue, Angola. She must also have had training as a laboratory technician, preferably as a clinical pathologist.

South Africa

(8) A three-year term teacher (woman) is called for by Inanda Seminary for Girls at Phoenix, Natal, South Africa. Over 300 Zulu girls are in training under American and South African faculty. The new recruit would give instruction in the English language. M.A. desirable.

To receive serious consideration a person must have a college education or its equivalent, Christian character, personal fitness for the particular position offered, and should not be more than thirty years of age. Anyone interested should write to the Candidate Department, The American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

THE WORLD DAY OF PRAYER

is the first Friday in Lent, which this year falls on February 9. A prayer service prepared by Muriel and Doris Lester may be secured from any of the offices of the Missions Council for $2.00 a hundred. The offerings taken at that time will go for work among the migrant workers pictured in "Grapes of Wrath," for religious work in the government Indian schools, for Christian literature for mission lands and for the Union Christian colleges.

Introduced to India

FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF CAROL AND DOUGLAS HORTON

DECEMBER 4, 1938. After breakfast with Ed and Rosalie Nolting, in whose hospitable home we were staying while in Madura, we went to the East Gate Church, where D. H. preached to a good size Tamil congregation. We were told later that the interpreter misunderstood the word "fate," and assured the people that D. H. was saying that there was no such thing as "faith." He later corrected the mistake.

After the service we drove to an outcast village, Konaipatti, for a service of baptism, an experience we shall never forget. We turned off the main highway about ten miles out of Madura and drove over two miles of what was called a roadway. It was so rough that no low-slung car could get over it. We were met at a distance by a crowd of the villagers, some of whom had been waiting for an hour or more. There was a drum and an Indian flute at the head of the procession.

On reaching the village we squeezed ourselves into the tiny new church which the villagers had just completed, with mud walls, bamboo, aloe and palmyra roof. It was festooned for the occasion with streamers made of colored tissue paper. Toyohiko Kagawa, who had come with us, sat on the floor with D. H. in the back of the room, and C. W. H. with the ladies on a bench at the side of the altar. The floor was filled with the villagers of all ages, all showing the effects of extreme poverty, with little of the charm and light which Christian education has given to so many of the lower caste faces. The service was conducted by the Indian catechist. Fred Field Goodsell and John J. Banninga baptized about twenty-five persons—in some cases entire families.

Though we formerly questioned mass movements to Christianity, fearing that the Gospel must lose its effect if it were not accepted by individuals as individuals, our experience in India has taught us that mass movements and individual conversions are not mutually exclusive. A villager who desires to espouse Christianity

may well wait for his baptism until the whole village is ready to become Christian with him, for otherwise he would be cut off from all his previous social contacts. He loses his job. He loses his chance to marry. It is far better for him to constitute himself a missionary to the rest of his caste and thus finally to be baptized in company with his fellows.

John J. Banninga called for us about eight and drove us to Pasumalai, about five miles from the city, to see the Union Theological Seminary of which he is president.

At three Mr. Lorbeer took us on a rapid survey of his work. We hopped in and out of high school classrooms, visited the manual training school which is now entirely self-supporting, the agricultural work, the training school for village teachers—a breathtaking glimpse of really inspired activities. Now and again Mr. Lorbeer would call up a worker and tell us a bit of his life story. We remember particularly one fine-looking man, busy supervising the dairy unit, who had come from the lowest caste but had worked his way through Pasumalai and then had brought his sister there for education. She is now holding an influential position as head mistress.

December 5, 1938. Off for a drive to the big temple at Tiruparankandram, for today and

Near Madras

tomorrow are great festival days. The dusty road was thronged with Indians, on foot and in bullock carts. As we pushed our way toward the temple the throngs good-naturedly let our car through. Leaving the car, we walked through the temple area—where men sold every conceivable article, where beggars lined the walls, and where whole families stretched out to sleep.

The great temple at Madura

We had never been so near such pitiful poverty before—gaunt old men and little children with thin arms and legs, their hands and eyes begging. We went as far into the temple as we could, and then looked down the long corridor to the lights that glimmered before the gods.

December 6, 1938. After a long day we went to the College Hall, for a lecture by Dr. Kagawa. The place was crowded, and for an hour and a half he gave us straight economics—the need of the world for coöperatives. He used the blackboard a good deal and spoke clearly enough for all to understand.

After a visit to the huge Madura temple we went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul, for a dinner in honor of Dr. Kagawa. Mr. Paul is an Indian Christian who is also the City Commissioner. We were served an Indian dinner at a long table on the upstairs porch. We did not sit on the floor, however, nor did we need to get along without spoons, though most of us ate with our fingers, Indian style, just to show that we could do so. One enjoys a wonderful release when he is allowed to cast off the trammels of western civilization and go back to the obviously simpler and more natural methods of the East. From now on knives, forks, and spoons are symbols of enslavement to occidental artificiality.

December 7, 1938. Mr. Dudley of Arupakottai called for us in his beach wagon. We stopped at a typical village to see what the Board's retrenchment program means in terms of rural India. The church and school had been withdrawn, but a little class was still kept up by an elderly retired teacher. The site of the church was just a heap of sand.

At Arupakottai Mr. Dudley left us with Miss Bertha Smith, who showed us about some of the schools. At one of them the children danced for us—lovely rhythmical folk dances in which they beat time with short sticks held in each hand. Another dance, the Kummi, was punctuated by clapping, as the girls wove in and out in a sort of Portland Fancy.

In the evening we had dinner at the Women's Hospital with the staff of both hospitals. The long table was set out on the tennis court in front of the bungalow. The three women doctors were kept busy running back and forth, as three infants arrived after we had all assembled. They are charming young women, two of them graduates of Vellore. After the meal was over we all walked to the beautiful new chapel, built on the model of an Indian temple with carved stone pillars suggesting Dravidian influence, with a lovely, simple Christian altar. We sat in silence on the floor in the dusk, and after Dr. Goodsell led in prayer we went quietly home.

December 9, 1938. Rosalie Nolting took C. W. H. to see the Birds' Nest, the orphanage founded by Dr. Parker-Vaughn. The school was in session, but the tinier ones broke away to hold the hands, fingers and bags of the visitors, and follow them about. They are appealing youngsters, especially one tiny imp whom we had seen spinning his penny merrily on the floor at church. We went on to Tallakullam for a glimpse of the Lucy Perry Noble Institute, an industrial training school.

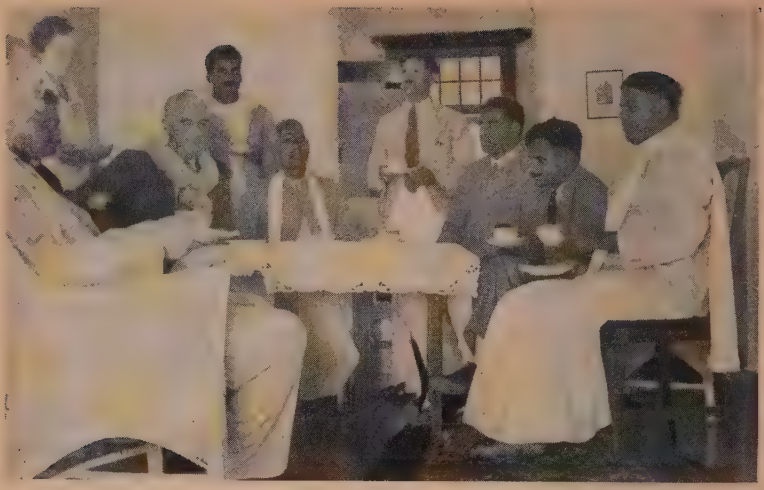
A large group saw us off on the 7:20 train where we found ourselves in a chummy little compartment nestled cozily against the engine and right over the wheels of the coach. A Hindu gentleman and a small boy were with us most of the night.

December 10, 1938. Through the car windows we saw a gorgeous sunrise. At 6:30 we reached Tambaram, where the International Missionary Conference was to be held. Earle Ballou remarked, as he mopped his brow, that he was thankful the Lord had not called him to India! India seemed warm to us, even in winter, but the real heat arrives later.

At Madras C. W. H. and D. H. separated, the former to go to her cousin's home in Ranipet, the latter to attend the Tambaram Conference.

December 11, 1938. D. H. writes:

I had already met many of the delegates either at the Oxford or the Edinburgh Conferences or elsewhere. The Bishop of Dornakal, South India, is less conspicuous than he was in Great Britain, as most of the delegates are dark-skinned. Edward H. Hume came in today. Dr. Hivale



A meeting of leaders near Madura

of Bombay is due at any moment. Dr. Goodsell is chairman of the section on the place, work, and training of the future missionary.

Yesterday I bought a small flashlight, as we had been warned not to walk about at night without one, because of the cobras. In the next house to us in Madura lives President Flint. The week before last he heard a little rustling in the bushes by his front steps. Investigation revealed a six-foot cobra. The president promptly got a snake-charmer out from the city, who squatted down in front of the house and began to tootle on his flute—and before he was through, no less than three cobras and a rat snake had lifted their heads from the shrubbery. When you walk under Indian stars you need a good American flashlight!

December 12, 1938. A great company of delegates came in today from Africa, Asia, and the Islands of the Pacific. The Conference was formally opened in the evening with a plenary session at which Dr. Mott gave the address. The pattern of it was similar to that of others which I have heard him deliver before—"These are fateful times: never such opportunity for Christian service: let us think freshly and creatively"—but no address ever rang truer. He is a great leader. His accomplishments in the field of world Christianity are nothing short of magnificent. It is sad to think that this may be his last great Conference.

December 15, 1938. I am staying home from the garden party this afternoon in order to get caught up with my work and to

prepare for the sermon I am to give on Sunday.

Life here follows a simple plan. One rises with the sun in the morning, goes to breakfast, rushes about to get his laundry, etc., ready before the first meeting, attends the service of united worship at 8:15, and then goes to section meetings for the remainder of the day, with an hour or so out for rest after lunch. There is usually a mass meeting in the evening.

December 16, 1938. C. W. H. writes:

This evening we went to the hospital at Vellore for the graduation exercises of thirty or forty beautiful girls. I am continually impressed by the loveliness of these young Indian women, so graceful, so well poised, their smooth dark coils of hair usually decorated with a flower or two, their faces delicately molded. The entire group marched in, carrying ropes of white flowers on their shoulders which they piled on the platform as they passed. Cousin Ida Scudder, stunning in blue and silver, the school colors, welcomed them into the inner circle of the medical profession. Miss Simone of the Red Cross gave a magnificent talk, brief and moving, speaking of the power of a nurse's religious faith in undergirding the life of her patient.

December 18, 1938. At 5:30 in the afternoon we met with the hospital staff for a prayer meeting and then went to the chapel for the Christmas service, at which Mr. Houghton of New Haven spoke. The whole service was beautiful—the girls in white saris seated on floor mats, the guests in the rear on chairs.

The children welcome visitors to Indian village

After the recessional the choir stood about the pool in the courtyard and sang "Silent Night" while the rest of us remained within—and added other Christian hymns as we came out into the twilight.

After dinner at eight the girls came in and sat on the floor while I spoke to them about Japan and China.

December 23, 1938. After a morning of shopping in Madras, Mrs. Walter Horton hospitably invited me to her room for a rest. We went out to Tambaram to the reception at 4:30. I wandered about for a while looking for D. H., who was nonexistent. I found "Jimmy" Chuan of Peking and was having a chat with him when D. H. appeared, looking utterly fagged. He had just finished writing the report for his section. For about an hour we circulated through the crowd, seeing many old friends. Tom Stafford looked hale and hearty. Muriel Lester was there for the day. We could see no one for more than a minute or so.

December 24, 1938. D. H. slept like a log at Ranipet until 8:30 and again two and a half hours in the afternoon! By night he began to look a little more like himself.

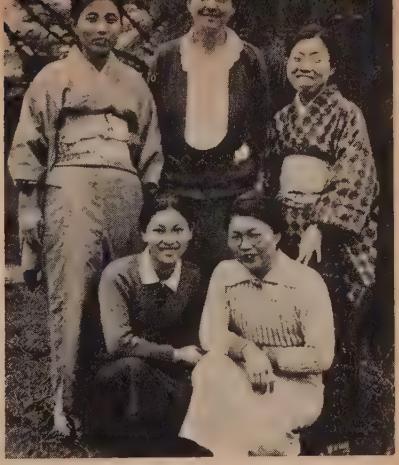
Christmas Day, 1938. C. W. H. arose at 4:30 to join the nurses who went through the wards of the hospital singing carols, their candles glimmering in the darkness. In each ward the Christmas story was read and a prayer offered.

December 30, 1938. Before tackling our correspondence this morning we walked to a neighboring village. Children flocked out to see us, little girls carrying babies, countless small boys in sketchy costumes, all highly entertained and thrilled whenever D. H. turned his camera on them. When our triumphal procession had swelled to fifty-odd children, we were stopped by an irate native school teacher, who accused D. H. of having taken a picture of his wife. He told us over and over again that this was not an Indian custom, while D. H. told him over and over again that he was quite sure he had not taken a picture of the said wife, but presenting apologies none the less. The school teacher wanted us to know that we were not to publish his wife's picture in another book like "Mother India." The conversation went on and on, the crowd listening with increasing interest —but when the man discovered that we were animated by goodwill rather than mischief, he reversed his attitude and asked us to be his guests in his home. We walked down a side street to a very clean little house with a center courtyard, and were introduced to his wife. As we left, he presented us each with a small diary and sped us on our way with the best will in the world.

Camera News

By

Dorothy P. Cushing



FIVE FRIENDS

Miss Katherine F. Fanning, of Tottori, Japan, and some of her "household"; teachers and church workers.

"AIN'T YER COMING OUT, MR. MORAN?"

Or whatever the equivalent is in Japanese. Sherwood F. Moran at the door of the Yodogawa Neighborhood House, Osaka, Japan, and some of his small friends.

THE RAHURI TWINS

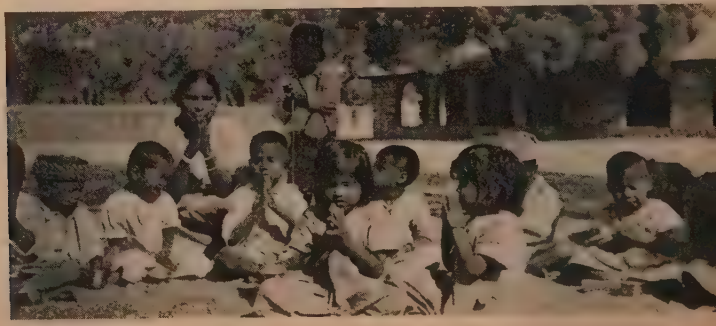
Premila and Vimila of Rahuri, Indi
start on a great adventure—they go
the mission Nursery School. Camer
woman Mrs. Joseph L. Moulton go
along. The Rahuri twins represent
the little children in India who live, li
them, in poor villages and have so few
the advantages and good things in li

A BATH

Oh, m
the twins
thorough
scrubbe
right at t
start.

PRAYERS BEFORE LUNCH

Then they learn to thank the Heavenly Father for their milk. The tw
learn quickly to close their eyes and lift chubby hands in prayer.



YUM! YUM!

How good the milk tastes! "Our goat only gives one cup of milk," says Vimila timidly. This milk was from the big buffalo.

The slide scared the twins at first, but Dad came to school one day and started them down. After that—what fun!

GOOD-BYE

One day the twins brought
eir goat to school. Now,
meward bound with each
in tightly grasping the goat's
rs they say farewell to their
nerican friends.

TOMORROW'S TANGIBLE ASSETS

Above: Field Day at Pierce College, Elleniko, Greece. Below: Gymnastics and folk dancing at Anatolia College, Saloniki, Greece. Working with the youth of the Near East, President Minnie B. Mills and President Ernest W. Riggs say, as they face the turbulent future: "We know that you will be with us in prayer and full sympathy as we press forward."

The Parsonage of Valley Church

On Thanksgiving Sunday Arthur-Metcalf-Memorial Dollars loaned out for investment last March, together with the Thank-Offering, enabled the Valley Community Church here in El Paso, Texas, to pay off the entire remaining indebtedness on the new $4,500 parsonage. The interest on the Dollars had been earned in various ways.

The whole plan and first substantial contribution, was due to Mrs. Arthur Metcalf, now in San Diego, as a memorial to her husband, pastor of the church 1926–1930.

Chronicle

APPOINTMENTS

Three new teachers have been appointed to the staff of Tillotson College, of Austin, Texas: **Miss Charlia Vurnette Cole** is teacher of Foods and Nutrition. She has been teacher of the same subjects in Florida States College, teacher of Vocational Home Economics in Middletown, Delaware; teacher of Home Economics in Belton, Texas; and teacher of Adult Education at Fort Worth, Texas. She had taken a Bachelor of Science degree in Home Economics from Kansas State College and had taken an additional summer's work at Columbia University Teachers College. Her preliminary college training was at Mary Allen Junior College, Crockett, Texas, and at Tillotson College, where she received her B.S. degree. **Mrs. Julia Hughes Taylor** is instructor in Spanish. Graduating from Tillotson College in 1934 with a major in Spanish she received a Master's degree in Spanish from the University of Southern California. **Baldwin W. Burroughs** teaches French and English. He had taught Latin, French and Spanish in New Orleans, and recreational dramatics in Emerson Y. M. C. A., Evanston, Illinois. He had attended Morehouse College in Atlanta and Wiley College, Marshall, Texas, receiving his A.B. degree magna cum laude in 1936.

LeMoyne College (Memphis, Tenn.) has two new members of the faculty: **Vertis C. Hayes** of Atlanta,

who is a member of the United American Artists, Inc., the Harlem Artists' Guild, the Association of Southern-born Artists, and the American Artists' Congress. His works have been included in the Wanamaker Show, 1935; Rabourin Gallery one-man show, 1936; Artist Union Shows, 1935, 1936, 1937; group shows at the American Artist School Exhibit, 1937; and LaMasion Francian Gallery, 1938. He has executed two mural paintings in New York: in Textile High School, New York, and in Nurses' Residence, Harlem Hospital. He was made Director of the LeMoyne Federal Art Center. He has been Staff Artist for the *Atlanta Tattler*. Won the Federal Art School Scholarship at the age of 17; studied at the National Academy of Design in New York; worked as assistant artist to Jean Charlot, the Mexican muralist. **Lewis Ossie Swingler** is lecturer in the newly organized Department of Journalism. Has been editor, later manager, of the *Memphis World* and in 1938 received the cup award of the Memphis chapter of Omega Psi Chi for achievements in the field of journalism and literature. Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity elected him to the editorship of the *Sphinx Magazine*, the largest commercial venture in the Mid-south, and one of the best edited. He is former president of Negro Chamber of Commerce of Memphis and holds several other offices. He worked his way through the University of Nebraska, receiving his degree of A.B. and the Certificate of Journalism from its School of Journalism. While there he organized the Inter-racial Commission as an auxiliary of the University Y.M.C.A. and was elected co-chairman.

New ministers in the Dakota Indian Parish are: **Tom Lovejoy** for the Standing Rock Congregation at Ft. Yates. He has been a deacon of our Pilgrim Church at Santee, Nebraska, but this is the first time he has filled the position of a lay pastor. **Henry Janis** is the new pastor of the Green Grass Congregational Indian Church near Eagle Butte; he is undertaking the difficult task of preaching to the people who have known him since childhood, since this is his home church. **Sam Herald** has been sent to Cedar Butte, and **Barney Two Eagle** to Upper Wososo by the Natie Missionary Society. **Rev. W. A. Ebertz,** who has been serving the Congregational Churches at Dawson and Tappen for over two years, has gone to the churches of Mott and Spring Butte, North Dakota.

Rev. Louis James Beasley, pastor of Rush Memorial Church, Atlanta, Georgia since 1934, has been appointed to a chaplaincy in the regular Army, and reported for duty, November 27, at Fort Benning, Georgia. His abilities and personality fit him well for Christian leadership among young men.

Rev. R. Wiley Scott of the Central Congregational Church, Atlanta, Georgia, has been elected president of the Evangelical Ministers' Association and one of the two vice-presidents of the Christian Council.

Two new additions to the faculty of Dillard University (New Orleans) and several replacements: **Miss Mary A. Morton,** A.B., A.M., M.S., Howard University, with study at the University of Chicago, has been

appointed Instructor in Psychology and will head the newly opened department of child development and nursery school education. **Benjamin A. Quarles,** A.B., Shaw University, A.M., University of Wisconsin—where he has completed all requirements for the Ph.D. degree—has been appointed Associate Professor of History. **Herman A. Branson,** A.B., Virginia State College, Ph.D., University of Cincinnati, has been appointed Instructor in Mathematics and Physics. **Edward J. Baur,** B.A. and M.A., University of Chicago, has been appointed Instructor in Social Anthropology in the absence of Professor Allison Davis. **Miss Hazel C. Edwards,** B.A., Talladega College, B.S. in Library Science, Hampton Institute, has been appointed Assistant in the Library. **Miss Geneva Bryan,** R.N., Hampton Institute School of Nursing, has been appointed University Nurse. **Miss Carol Blanton,** having completed all requirements for the M.S. in Piano at the Juillard School of Music of the Institute of Musical Art, New York, has returned to her teaching duties. **Mrs. Bernice C. Farley,** a graduate of New Orleans University and Atlanta School of Social Work, and Master of Social Work, University of Michigan, has succeeded Miss E. Ophela Settle as Director of Social Work at Flint-Goodridge Hospital. Four assistants have been added: **Miss Leila Brown,** B.A. and M.A., Howard University, in the romance languages; **Miss Kathlyn Johnson, B.A.,** Spelman College, in English; **Mahlon C. Rhaney,** B.A., Dillard University, in Biology; **Miss Florice Brazley,** a 1939 graduate of Dillard, in Music.

The transfer of **Rev. and Mrs. Samuel H. Leger** from the North China Mission to the Foochow Mission has been requested by the Mid-Fukien Synod and Fukien Christian University to fill the vacancy in the Board's quota on the staff of the University caused by the death of Rev. Frederick P. Beach in 1937.

Dr. George J. Frazier, *Sioux,* of Gregory, South Dakota, was presented with the 1939 Indian Achievement Medal, sponsored annually by the Indian Council Fire (Chicago), at its American Indian Day exercises, Friday evening, September 22, he having been awarded this distinction by majority vote of the award committee.

Dr. Frazier, who is said to be the only full-blooded Indian physican in the country, was accompanied to Chicago by his brother, **Rev. Philip F. Frazier,** *Sioux* missionary, of Santee, Nebraska. The latter was the speaker of the evening.

BIRTHS

To **Mr. and Mrs. Donald Van Dyke,** twin sons on December 21 in New York City. Mrs. Van Dyke has been for ten years in the editorial office of the Board of Home Missions.

SAILINGS FOR THE FIELD

Mrs. Harry S. Martin and **Miss Mabel I. Huggins** sailed January 8 returning to the North China Mission.

Mrs. W. A. Hemingway and **Isabel Hemingway, R.N.,** sail January 27 on the *Empress of Canada,* returning to the North China Mission.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Dr. and Mrs. Edward W. Wilder arrived in Madura, India, August 7, returning to the Marathi Mission.

Miss Kathryn L. Howard arrived in Athens, September 30, to join the staff of Pierce College.

Rev. and Mrs. Edward G. Nichols arrived in Madura, India, October 11, returning to the Madura Mission.

Miss Gertrude E. Chandler arrived in Madura, India, October 20, returning to the Madura Mission.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Lawson and **Miss Katie Wilcox** arrived in Madura, November 3, returning to the Madura Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. Frank J. Woodward arrived at Dansalan, Mindanao, November 5, returning to the Mission to the Philippines.

Miss Olive L. Nelson arrived in Madura, November 13, returning to the Madura Mission.

Miss Emma B. Noreen arrived in Peiping, November 11, en route to Fenchow, returning to the North China Mission.

DEATHS

The **Rev. William H. Bickers** of Vinita, Oklahoma, died on November 16. People from all walks of life, all classes in the community, and all churches were present at the funeral services in his church. It was manifest that he had done there what Dr. Jefferson discusses in one of his books in a chapter on "Building Thrones."

The **Rev. George Williams** of Franklin, Nebraska, died Sunday, December 3 (?) in a Hastings, Nebraska, Hospital. For about fifteen years he had been asistant state superintendent of Congregational Churches in South Dakota. After retiring from field work he held pastorates at Crawford and Franklin—he had several important pastorates before taking over the field work. The Congregational camp at Placerville owed much to him. He supervised the construction of nearly all the buildings; the faculty house was named in his honor. He and his wife managed the camp and looked after the property. He was a graduate of Redfield College and Chicago Theological Seminary.

Stephen Riggs, the youngest son of Dr. Alfred L. Riggs and grandson of the elder Stephen Riggs who began our Indian work and founded the Santee School, died in Seattle, November 15, 1939. For many years he was teacher of romance languages in the Seattle High School.

Rev. J. Edward Kirbye, pastor of the United Church at Raleigh, N. C., 1927–1935, special representative of the Church Building Department, 1936–1938, at Memphis, Tennessee, on November 13.

Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Colored People

Total Income Received from Investments from June 1, 1939 to November 30, 1939	$37,808.32
Month of December, 1939 .	5,818.32
Total for 7 months ended December 31, 1939 . .	$43,626.64

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The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches

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Archimedes

"Give me a place to stand, and I will move the earth."
—ARCHIMEDES

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